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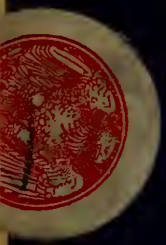

MOODS

PROSE POEMS

by

Mercedes de Acosta

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Mercedes de Acosta

NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY
1919

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INTRODUCTION

THERE is a happy gift revealed in these little pastels, vignettes, or whatever one wishes to name such fragments that Miss de Acosta has written and which refuse to be catalogued and classified. They stand out in one's reading in refreshing contrast to many opaque books of verse. They are not poetry; but they are the most singable prose, and they have a haunting quality, a breath of mystery, as though a ghost walked in a garden. They are strange, but they are human too; for if Miss de Acosta has anything it is a belief in, and an understanding of, her fellow human beings. In the little picture of the tired woman in the subway she shows with what feeling her heart is charged; and in the fragment of the studio, the climax is deftly approached. Brief as these glimpses of human experience are, they leave one with a sense of finality. It is as though a door were suddenly opened, or a window quickly raised—and then as suddenly closed again. But one has seen the room in its entirety, and the interior has been photographed on the brain.

Miss de Acosta, who comes forward here with her first volume, bears promise of even finer achievement. I like the perfume of these flowers. And I like her directness, her obvious sincerity, her passion for the truth as Life reveals it to her, and her endeavor to give the reader a swift, vivid picture. She may go very far.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

MEMORY

Do you know I am living tonight in a
cloud of memory?
I, who always preach to you of looking
forward, am sitting here silently looking
backward and tearing the veil from off
the dead faces of the past.

Memory is a strange thing, so poignant and
alive in its insistence, so dead and
lifeless in its reality, so cruel and
portentous in its regrets.

It is curious how, merely in the brain,
wide vistas of recollection can be opened,
and whole pictures of the past stretch
before us by simply recalling the touch
of a hand, by the stirring of a soft
breath of wind, by a sad prolonged
street cry, or by the heavy atmospheric
pressure of a warm summer's night.

Sometimes it is a strain of music across
far waters that brings back long-distant

years; again it is the odor of a box suddenly
opened, which gives forth the fragrance
of violets or rose leaves long since
dead and which instantly brings a tug
at the heart strings and fills the throat
with burning tears.

It seems to me a comparatively easy thing
to suppress our memories during the day, when
a host of things come clamoring and crowding
for us to accomplish.

But the past, with its sad, tragic eyes and
fantastic shapes, its shrill, melancholy wails
and dear, dead voices, its heavily perfumed
flowers, its vibrating, pulsing music, its
soft, caressing touches and maddening, heart-
rending regrets—these all come filing
back one by one and play upon the soul
and make the lips turn white. . . .
Sometimes at night!

FAITH

I THINK it does not matter so much what we believe
as what we *want* to believe,—the desire seems
to me greater than the accomplishment.

They say "men live by hope," but I feel men must
live by faith or else they perish.
Or perhaps faith and hope are very closely akin—
one being the Touch of God, and the other being
the Breath of a Divine Perfume He has tossed
out upon the world, so that man might still
find a smile where there seemed only to be tears.

Today I do not feel that I am groping my way
as I have heretofore done, but a strange exaltation
is in me as though a star had caught in my hair,
or as if a piece of the moon had come down and
brushed against my cheek.

I wonder could you understand if I told you why?

If I tell you that for days and nights my soul
has been writhing in a corner of darkness,—
oppressed by a thousand apprehensions and
crushed
by the weight of fear?
Until today no light has come its way and yet
do you know that in that solitude and stillness
I have been conscious of a little something
stirring in me and trying to make me believe
that help *would* come?
But the dreariness came again and strange
grotesque shapes pressed about me and bade
me let go and sink and sink. . . . . .

Then I lay despairing and could not move
or raise my eyes—but suddenly, when
my faith had almost ceased to be . . .

God put out His Hand and, stooping down—
touched me!

LOVE

It seems absurd I did not recognize it at once,
but at first my thoughts were indefinite
and I did not know by what name to call it.
I had always looked upon it as something
so much more personal and individual, and
coming this way as it did, it seemed new and
strange. It came to me in the subway.
I remember it had been raining and as I
entered the train I remarked to myself on
the hideous smell of damp clothing and
dripping umbrellas. At first the crowd was
oppressive; I who hate crowds so, shrank
a little and tried to gain my balance. It
was just then the peculiar thing happened . . .

Suddenly, in spite of the fact that I was
pushed and pulled here and there I did not
seem to mind. A man rose giving me a seat,
and as I sank into it and the crowds thinned
out at a station, I looked across the train
and saw a woman dozing in the corner. Her
face was worn, white and pinched;
her clothes dirty and her hat sliding off.

Every time the train swayed her head lurched
forward, each second seeming to assume a more
uncomfortable position. I looked at her
pathetic face and longed with all my heart
to put her tired head upon my shoulder,
taking my coat and wrapping it around her
emaciated form.

Then I looked down the train and saw an old
man;
he had apparently been to the hospital, because
his head was bandaged and his face contracted
from time to time in pain. He gazed slyly
about, and when he thought no one was looking
he spat upon the floor between his legs.
Ordinarily I should have wanted to kill
him for it, but then, oddly enough, I felt
no disgust but only a great pity and sympathy
for him.

A small child opposite was screaming shrilly
and every few seconds licking the window pane,
while his parents fought and argued with each
other beside him. I wanted to take their hands
and tell them not to quarrel and I longed to
take the child on my lap; cuddling it to me
and distracting it from the soiled window pane.

Then as I gazed at all the faces along the seats
a great understanding and sympathy for them
sprang

up within me. I wished I could take them by the hand one by one out into the sunlight, giving them what they most desired, and then be able to rejoice at their good fortune in which I would share no part.
I forgot myself completely and a spirit of exaltation came to me such as I had never experienced before. The subway ceased to smell and upon each face and in my heart I seemed to discern a great light.
I held my breath while I felt as if I were being carried on by some unknown harmony and rhythm;
I was sure that all the eyes in the train had grown kindly and that no one harbored evil in his heart.

Before the feeling faded away—as I knew it would—
and left me again my same selfish and miserable self, I longed to ascertain what this sublime mood could be. As I wondered, back from my brain
and all the way down to my heart I heard the words beating and hammering my answer——

"This is love!" they cried.

DISGUST

Do you remember the day I left your house so
suddenly and rushed out on the street?
Or perhaps you do not recall it and did not
remark my absence,—you had so many people
there,
and your house was fragrant with such quantities
of flowers, and every one seemed to pretend at
being
gay, even if he were not.

And I? I left it all behind me because I heard
you boasting in such a light-hearted way of all we
had dreamed of and loved so well.

My heart trembled at your careless words and I
closed my ears and rushed out before you should
have
killed my last illusion and made me hate you.
Your house, which a few moments before seemed
gay
and bright, suddenly flung from out its windows
the
flag of hypocrisy, and became meaningless and
empty.

My head ached; and I hurried aimlessly along the
street peering into the faces of the passers-by,
thinking that in humanity I should find a solace and
an answer. . . . But they only pushed and knocked against
me and not one spirit spoke to me.

Then I went into the museum and thought that there
with art I could find revelation and be comforted.
So I walked through the galleries, but I was followed
unendingly by the same upsparing mob that
jostled me in the streets and suspicious guards
glared at me while all around hung low rows
of portraits in heterogeneous fashion which, melting
into one another, lost their personality and meant
nothing to me.

So I dragged myself out again into the spring
air and walked wearily toward the park. There,
reaching a bench, I sank down and thought
at last I could relax undisturbed.
But a drunken man came and sat beside
me and nudged my elbow, so I rose and moved
away and wondered if there were any place

in the whole wide world where one could be really alone and unimbittered.

Friendship, art and all the things I cherished seemed to have failed me.
Suddenly I thought of death!

Then, meditating on the last long sleep, a sense of great peace and the solitude I had longed for came over me . . .

But only for a brief instant, because I remembered with anguish that, even in death, one could not be alone; and the thought of overcrowded and congested cemeteries filled my soul with horror; and I shuddered!

JOY

I LOOKED out of the window at the snow
on the ground and something in the
sunlight made me throw aside my books
and go out.

I do not recall how I reached there,
but I found myself in the heart of the
park, and maybe because it was so
early, or I do not know quite why,—
it seemed empty,—I looked across the
white stretch of glistening snow and
my heart beat with joy at being alone.
Suddenly something very odd happened to me:

Everything and everyone in my life
seemed to drop away from me; I felt
as though my spirit had been freed
and as if no harm could ever come
to me again.

So I laughed and blew my breath out
in the cold air and waved it good-bye,
and I shouted aloud and tossed the

snow from side to side with my feet.
I knew you would be waiting for me and
be angry, but that and all things else
seemed very remote and far away, so
I dismissed it from my mind and did not
think of it again.

Then I pretended I was Columbus discovering
America and I called out "land ahead."
But after, I changed and pretended I was
Jeanne d'Arc leading the French army,
and all the while sang the Marseillaise
because it thrilled me so and I waved my
arms and danced.

Then I decided to be the wind, and I
ran as fast as I could and fell down
in the snow, jumped up again and laughed
some more.

I threw kisses and made faces at the sun
and I tried to catch the little diamonds
that gleamed on the snow,—but each one
lured me on to another, until it seemed
like an eternal mirage,—so I stood still,
drew a long breath and thanked God for Life!

Then as I walked on I felt that I possessed
everything, because I had youth, health
and ambition.

And the whole world seemed to be stretching out its alluring hands before me with wonderful rose-tipped fingers!

DESPAIR

One day I said, "There is no such thing as love," and something closed up within me; and although I looked upon people I knew I did not see them. Some horrible apprehension seemed to grip at my heart with ice boned hands. I felt nauseated and sick.

I went home and closed my door and, for the first time in my life, threw my books into a corner and broke my pens and pencils.

After that outburst I sat down and tried to think, but all my thoughts seemed draped in long garbs of black crepe that, stealing in and out through my mind like phantoms on tiptoe, gave me no peace.

I thought what a failure my life had been
and I believed every one had deserted
me.
I longed to die!

I saw your roses, but I threw them
on the floor and stepped on them because
they seemed fresh and gay; and a thousand
sad thoughts rushed through my mind, while
I felt as if I were being oppressed by
all the nightmares of the world and beating
my soul against a closed iron door.

Then I remembered that people said "tears
soothe
the heart;" so I prayed to be allowed to weep,
but instantly cursed myself for praying
and cried aloud, "There is no God!"

And all night long I sat in darkness, staring
into space with clenched hands, repeating the
words over and over again, "No love, no hope"—
"No love, no hope" . . .

TENDERNESS

They always said of her that she was selfish
and spoiled and that, although she lived in a
big house and had everything in the world
money could buy, no one really cared about her
for herself.

They admitted she had beauty, but they said her
face was hard and bitter and that her only
power lay in her worldly prosperity, which had
a certain empty, insincere following,—but
that she had no real influence because she did
not have a heart and no one loved her.

I used to hear them talking about her rudeness
and her detached indifference, and they seemed
to excite themselves greatly about her,
and grow angry and shrug their shoulders;
then they would always end by thanking God
they were not like her.

After these discussions—in which I took no
part—I always went home and thought about
her.

And then one day I went to hear Kreisler play. I think he played more exquisitely than I had ever heard him before; perhaps it was the music of Beethoven that moved me so or, more likely, the mingling of both their spirits that tore so plaintively at my soul.

Whatever the cause, I felt a great spell upon me, and I saw nothing and was not conscious where I was until, suddenly and accidentally, my eyes fell upon her face; I was brought back to my surroundings,—and all the things I had heard about her came to me, and went crowding through my mind.

She was not alone in the box, although she sat apart in a corner, separated from the other people as it seemed to me she always was. She was leaning a bit forward with her hands clasping her knees, her lips a trifle apart and seeming singularly pale; but what I noticed most was the expression in her eyes, which had an entreaty and a pathos in them I had never seen in any face before,—and her mouth was strangely soft with a look of sweetness about its corners.

She was not looking at Kreisler, but gazing out before her as though at something we others could

not see, and I was filled with a peculiar sensation that she understood and felt things which were remote
from other people.

Then I looked away because somehow I felt as if I were spying at her with her mask off, and looking upon her soul!

The violin stopped and, as the last notes vibrated and died away and were swallowed up in the applause,
I looked at her again.

Once more the hard look was on her face and the bitter pain in her eyes.
I saw the people she was with exchange a casual remark with her, and then draw a little aside and talk among themselves.

All at once a great wave of tenderness came over me,
and I longed with sudden eagerness to put my arms
about her and draw her to me. I wanted to tell her not to be lonely and sad and bitter, because I knew she was not all they said she was, and all they had made her with their idle talk.

I wanted to hold her hand and tell her I understood

and sympathized with her, and that I knew she only
seemed all the things they said, simply because
no one ever kissed her.

HURT FEELINGS

You remember of course the day I acted so
queerly in your studio?
How happy we were going up the stairs, and how
we laughed and vowed it would be the most wonderful
day we had ever spent!

"The day of days," you called it.

And do you remember how I tripped and
dropped the tea and sugar packages, and you dropped the cake in
an effort to steady me—and how we sat down on the
steps and laughed and laughed as though it was the
funniest thing in the whole wide world?

And then in the corridor you would not let me open
the door until you had kissed my hands.

But as soon as we were in the studio something
seemed to snap within me, my mood changed entirely

and I ceased to laugh; I put the packages on the
table
and was very quiet.

Of course you thought I had one of my old-time
headaches, and you took out that absurd headache
cologne—which never does the slightest bit of
good—
and insisted upon spraying it over me.

And you tried to make me laugh again and kissed
my
neck, but in spite of the fact that you looked like
an injured little child, I stood looking out of the
window and, when you asked me what was the
matter, I merely replied "nothing."

Then in the face of all your desperate entreaties
I left the studio, and went down the stairs out
into
the street. . . .

I am sorry now I did it and, although I
never meant to tell you the reason—now,
because it all seems so trivial, I think
I shall:

Do you remember how I stopped laughing the
instant you opened the door?
That was because I noticed at once the
little plant I gave you was placed in a
dark corner, withered and dead.

WEARINESS

No, I do not want to dance tonight,
nor talk nor play.
You think I am foolish because I
want to sit here and stare into the
night? I wonder!
You say I am lazy?
I wonder at that too. Well, no matter.

You go and dance and leave me here
alone; then when you return you will
tell me what you have accomplished by
your dancing, and if you feel any the
happier for it,—but no, do not bother—
I think I shall be too tired even to listen.

It is true you will be exercising
your legs, but I shall sit here
and travel far and wide among the stars—
and exercise my soul.

Do you know my body seems strangely
lax tonight?
I think I must be quite exhausted;

and I am sure that I could sit here
for years and years and never move
a muscle or enter into life at all again.
So tired am I.

Perhaps, if I sit here long enough,
all the generations of the future will come
and tell me their secrets because they
will know I should be far too weary
ever to repeat them.

OPPORTUNITY

It is strange how seldom people can judge the psychological moment to reach forth their hands and grasp what they desire. How often does the gardener in the field of life pick the rose before it has really opened or just a little too late, when it has already commenced to fade and drop its petals,—but how divinely fortunate is the one who plucks it just at the right moment and, as a reward, not only has the rose, but very often with it a tiny, glistening, jewelled drop of dew!

We cannot say that this is merely chance, but rather a God-like bit of intuition that is wound about and entwined in some souls.

Too often in our feebleness we say opportunity makes us what we are; and we do not realize our strength or we should say that *we* will make opportunity for that which we wish to be!

I feel that opportunity is something which grows often and plentifully in the lives of some but, like the grass beneath our feet, it is very seldom cultivated and springs up noiselessly and silently so that we do not notice it.

Most of us, when we wish to do something very much or attain a great desire, expect the moment for fulfillment to come heralded with blasts of trumpets—and when it does not come that way, but through an unpretentious medium, we cannot grasp its significance; and so we pass it by . . .

The wise soul is he who expects and seeks opportunity in all places—not graspingly or shrewdly, but silently and with great faith; and who knows and comprehends the law that not always must we go out to seek it, but perhaps, while merely contemplating the stars, will we gain force—and so it will come to us.

Not too obviously, perhaps, but with an interior illumination that will give us the Vision and show us the path onward.

TIME

Time and space mean very little to me today. I am sitting here thinking of ten years ago and marvelling because it seems so close and so little forgotten,—infinitely nearer than those moments of even yesterday, which seem already remote and distant.

How strange time is!

Do you know I often fancy that old Father Time holds in his hand some musical instrument? Maybe a harp or a lyre—instead of a scythe as he is always depicted—and he plays and plays and plays . . . . mostly very low; and then things that occurred only yesterday seem vague, almost forgotten and far away.

But sometimes he sees our hearts craving to recall vividly some face, to live over again some moment, or to hear once more an almost forgotten echo—and then he takes compassion upon us and

he plays madly and loudly, and suddenly, as though
in a vision, we witness departed moments; or we see a face or hear a voice close beside us, and so real are they, that we have but to stretch out our hands to touch and caress them, or turn our heads to hear the cadence of a voice rise from out the long-dead past.

Have you noticed how vividly old people recall their childhood?

Ah, that is because Father Time, being so old himself, has a profound attraction for old age, based on reciprocal qualities which he knows them
to share in common with him.

So of course he loves them best and, realizing that he has no earthly future to offer them, he draws down his musical instrument and plays louder
and louder—and lo! they can sit for hours at a time, slowly rocking backward and forward, and
all the while they are living over again some cherished moment and hearing sweet, enchanted music.

And, if you listen closely during the silent intervals between the squeaking and rocking of

their chairs, I am sure you will hear them saying
softly to themselves as they nod their heads
slowly
to and fro—
"Why, it all seems only yesterday!"

REVELATION

It seems to me that life is absolutely futile and incomplete until we realize that no matter what we are doing, or whither going, it is because of some preconceived reason; and that in the end, when we have reached the last turning of the road and come to lay down our wearying burdens, no matter what our regrets through life may have been—we will know and fully comprehend that the tending of our footsteps this or that way was merely the working out of a great end.

The orientation of our views is so limited and circumscribed that, when something comes to us which we have not desired, we can only feel the bearing down of a cruel fate upon our heads. And too often we toss those same heads back in stubborn despair and grind our teeth in the gale of what must be—thereby losing our balance and sense of what *might* be had we the courage to entwine our strength with that of the Infinite!

Many times the inveiglement of an idea—a set idea which perhaps we have nourished in our hearts for days—will keep us from all realization of the good we might gain by a different shaping of our lives from that which we had dreamed.

To some of us the revelation never comes; and we go on pursuing life with our noses pressed to the ground, without a glimmer of comprehension of the great and superfine machine which marks out and registers our lives.

To others, who are perhaps more worthy, the revelation *does* come, and usually during or after our darkest hours.
It is indeed a proof of the Divine that we should receive light after darkness!

To these same it is strange how sometimes it will come slowly like the rising of the moon, and then again quickly as a flood of sunlight after a darkening cloud has passed.

In the sad or desperate moments of our lives when indeed we see nothing to go on for—when we are torn and spent and there seems no end to the coursing of the blood from out our hearts—it is then that the knowledge

in a flash comes to us, that there *must*
be a reason, and that we could not be made
to suffer so without an ultimate beneficial
purpose.

And so all striving seems puerile and we cease
to beat our wings against the cage, lift our
torn hearts instead to the sweet rain of
heaven and ask to see the star that may guide us.

And, as small children who, seeing not, obey,
so we too, set forth; and, although unconsciously,
in our faith become as sages.

FINDING GOD

I HAVE been reading tonight a book on
science which, I think, tends to
kill all spiritual hope and attributes
everything to the material; taking away
our dreams of miracles, crushing
our hopes in the Beyond and
tearing down the belief of a divine
intuition within us.
It explains all these things as springing
entirely from pathological causes and
seems to feed the intellect while
it starves the Soul.
I think so much has been said in this generation
about science, so much has been questioned and
delved into about it that I cannot help
feeling that science will eventually encompass
and satiate the world—that is, if we let it
engulf us completely and turn our hearts and
souls into rocks and machines; and insist in
believing that the still silent voice within
us, which we once called God, is merely the
emotion caused by a craving for food or sleep

or air, or some other physical necessity—
which will cease when we last close these
weary eyes of ours.

It is indeed true to call this the age of science
and "The Iron Age," for what could tend to
make
men's hearts more thoroughly iron than to tell
them to stifle and kill all their emotions and
that we are, after all, only a part of the scheme
of the Whole, and must not look forward be-
cause
there is no Beyond?

"Where there is no vision the people perish."
So in this age when men seek and in answer
find only a golden frame—with no color
picture inside to brighten the rooms of life—
but instead cold dismal facts, perhaps then
it is well that thousands of these poor
men should be killed off and not taste the bitter
poison to the end.

And yet, is it not the irony of fate that
science again with its machine guns, its
poisoned gas and all other improved and
advanced diabolical warfare should be the
hand to slay them?

Men's ears that can only listen to the roar
of machinery, cannot hear the song of the

birds; men's bodies and feet that are so well clothed, cannot feel the clay of the earth nor the poetry of the wind and sun on their bodies; men's eyes that are tired straining in the research room or the laboratory cannot see the stars, and men's hearts that lead themselves into believing that from the decay of these poor bodies there is no future, cannot see God.

And by these words I do not mean to refute the great and everlasting good that science has done for the world, nor do I forget the vast progress for the benefit of humanity in surgery, hygiene and medicine, and the advancement
toward comfort, economy of time and manual labor
which it has donated to us by the efforts and sacrifices of wonderful and brave men.

To all those who have toiled and still have been able to Believe, I should like to write a eulogy.

But it is to those who, in their search in science, have lost their ideal and come to live so scentifically
that their souls, as it were, have dried up and left only the workings of their brains—
it is from these, that I would turn my face away.

To live *really* it is impossible to live scientifically.
We must live by the emotions to survive and find
God, because it is only by and through the
emotions
that we truly palpitate and feel . . . . and
reaching
out we extend our hands and lean far into the
Vast
Space of the Infinite!

BRAINSTORM

How absurd people are! As if anyone could ever
understand anyone else! I am so tired of people
always trying to understand me, when I hold no
understanding of myself. Tonight I have no faith
and in my brain there are chaos and whirlwinds.
I have ceased to believe in God or man.

Do you remember when I used to talk to you of ideals
and truth and all such false things? That was when
I was quite mad, but tonight I am *sane;* sane and
weary of all control and pretenses. I am tired of
being polite, of talking low when I wish to shout, of
laughing when I want to cry. I am tired of convention
and going to dinners and saying "What a charming party

this is" when all the while I should like to tear the
table-cloth off and smash up the best china.

I am tired of shuffling feet, ever struggling onward
and leading nowhere. I am tired of weak vacillating
people and those who do not know real love—Love is
no love at all where for its sake one is not willing
to commit a crime. But I am also tired of loving and
of being loved—it seems to be the dark ages since
I spoke to you of love—I am tired of lies and truth—
more tired of truth since it only raises hopes and in the end fails.
How futile all these things are, how misguiding and tragically frail!

If Life only had long hair so that I might run my hand
through it and tear it from its roots! If I could
only be an earthquake and shake the very civilization
of life! Civilization, what a farce! As if there
existed any such thing. I wish I could be a hurricane

and crush down everything in my way, or a maddening
thunderstorm, with its flashes of blood and fire across the sky . . .
A thousand dead bodies to-night might lie in my way
and I should like to walk over them and, I wish that
Life itself were a strip of gauze so that I might tear
it asunder and throw it to the winds!

Chaotic wild thoughts are running through my brain,
but mostly darkness and a mad desire to end it all.
I am so very tired of Life, but most of all I am tired
of myself.
Oh, My God, let me break these chains . . .
I am so very tired of myself!

PEACE

It had been such a warm day. Toward sunset do you remember how we stole away to the beach and after driving for some time we finally came to the dunes, got out of the motor and walked the rest of the way?

I can remember now how white the sand was and how our feet sank in it and, when we drew them out again it seemed to cover our tracks leaving hardly any impression behind us. I remember also how the long reeds sprang up and almost hid you from view; then we began to climb the dunes and all out of breath we reached the top, and there below us lay the beach, and the ocean spreading out from it as far as we could see.

I recall catching my breath as I always do when I again perceive the ocean after having been away from it. It always seems to fill me with such inexhaustible wonder and pours into my soul a peculiar strength and power

to go on with the dull and terrible things of life . . . . . forcing me to finish and, at the end, to conquer them.
I can see now the blueness of the water and feel again the great stillness that seemed to be about us. Over our left shoulder back of us lay the inlet, with the sun shining on it and causing it to dazzle like a steel needle; and the long thin white beach—like a golden thread—stretching from it and finally seeming to trail off to nothing and burying itself in the foam of the sea.

Do you remember how we lay there for ever so long and neither of us said a word? Finally the sun went down and we watched the sand change from gold to red; the sky became violet with little shadings of green and pink and then suddenly—as if by magic—the ocean became quite calm and a fascinating little star appeared reflecting and twinkling on the inlet.

Back on the main land we watched the little lights of the houses come out one by one; in the twilight at first they were very faint and pale, but after as the night stooped down and crept upon us, they grew brighter and stronger.

And then for the first time you broke the silence; turning to me you asked, "What are you feeling?"

I answered, "Peace."

TWILIGHT DREAMS

As I open the long windows and step out upon the terrace, the presence of the mysterious hour is upon me . . .
A strange undefined blue mist rises from the earth and gently, like a magical veil, winds itself around the trees and slowly rising, presses its face against the sky as though to peer into the eyes, and read the heart of the stars.

Fantastic trees dimly outlined, bend together and whisper softly; suddenly I feel as though the air were charged with all the wishes of the world. Great and small, joyous and sad wishes, all thrown out from the struggling desirous heart of Life and, at twilight hour stealing silently—some a little ashamed, some a little proud—to nestle under the white moon—flowers in hopes that some soul of the dead—which steal about at twilight hour too—may be their friend and help them to come true.

Timidly, and trembling a little from the embraces of the mist, a tiny star shines out, while slowly

and reverently the darkness kneels down and
kisses
the face of the earth.
A vast and deep silence has come over every-
thing;
and I, with all else, find myself holding my
breath as I steal back into the room and sink
into a chair.
Leaning back languidly I half close my eyes,
while
far off I smell the salt and sadness of the sea . . .
Weirdly and ghostlike you creep in and, in my
twilight dreams, you come to me!

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